

Moffett

SEOUL, MARCH 1st, 1907.

DEAR FRIEND:—Mr. Graham Lee of Pyeng Yang has just sent home to his friends a little printed letter on "How the Holy Spirit came to Pyeng Yang." I wish he could have held it a little till we could add a chapter telling how the Holy Spirit came to Seoul. With us as with them, it largely began back with Dr. Howard Agnew Johnston's visit last October. We heard of the marvelous work of the Spirit in India and some of us had just come back from China where the Spirit was doing His wonderful work in Wei Hien and in other places. We began to pray with all our might that the Spirit might come to Korea too in greater power than we had yet seen. There have been few special gatherings together for special prayer as there were in Pyeng Yang among the missionaries for we are so widely separated within the city of Seoul that it is extremely difficult to get together even for routine meetings, but in our churches and homes there has been all these months a great crying out that God might open the windows of Heaven as He had promised and pour out the blessing till we could hold no more. Two months ago we sent out our announcement for our Seoul Annual Bible Class for Korean leaders and others and in it the Spirit led the committee to ask that all those in city and country who received the announcement might begin from that day to pray specifically that "during the class the Holy Spirit might come down as He did at Pentecost." In our little faith we prayed and yet half feared He would not come. In December the Spirit moved our Koreans to send to Pyeng Yang to ask the loan of Kil, the Elder there, to help in the revival we hoped would attend the class. We scarcely had received notice of his promised coming when we began to hear of the Spirit's work in Pyeng Yang. Kil sent and asked us to begin to pray harder. In each of the three churches for nearly every evening for the two weeks preceding Kil's coming meetings were held even though every one was simply overwhelmed

with work preparing for the great Korean New Year's Day. Kil arrived February 16. The next day he preached in the afternoon to a union meeting of all our people and in the evening to the Central church alone. Even that day there was a marvellous feeling in the air, but the next day the Spirit came in all His power and from then on growing from day to day. After the second day it seemed to matter little whether there was any leader or not. The leader scarcely was given an opportunity to speak. The people seemed on fire with a loathing for sin and wild to tell it and get rid of the burden. Old helpers of years standing confessed to hating one another and to all of the vilest sins imaginable. Right before men they had wronged they confessed to theft and promised to make restitution. Every day we saw them with tears confessing one to the other and begging forgiveness. Sometimes it was most heartrending. Men would confess part of their sin and the very vision of the vileness of it all would seem to get hold of them and they would fall on their faces before God fairly writhing in agony. As in Pyeng Yang and in India prayer aloud went on all the time all over the church 300 to 500 people praying aloud all at once, but there was no confusion. No one seemed to hear his brother's sin. He was too busy with his own pleading with Almighty God for his own. Two or three would be on their feet at once shaking from head to foot in agony as only a repentant sinner can before an angry God. Even the missionaries in charge saw as never before in their lives all the meanness and pettiness in themselves and could not sit quiet. It was all so marvellous, so indescribable. Nothing quite seems to describe it all as well as those words in Genesis "The Spirit of God was brooding over the face of the abyss." Brooding He was in all His marvellous power. Back and forth over the church would go the sound of weeping and praying dying down and then rising as some poor soul confessed to his God. Sometimes the leader went to those who seemed to feel the worst to comfort them. From time to time a hymn was started, but the instant it was over a dozen were on their feet begging to be allowed to speak. From 6:30 every night till after 10 it went on and could the people here had their way it seemed as though they never wanted to stop.

festation. So I went to him, took firm hold of his shaking hands, and ordered him in Jesus name to be still. Then I prayed and almost at once he became quiet. I ordered him to lie down and sleep. He resisted but I prayed again and he subsided. After lying quietly about 10 minutes while we prayed beside him he seemed to suddenly wake up and I will testify he was as sane as any Korean I know. He gave us his name. Said he had been believing 7 weeks. He did not have a very clear idea of what he had done but when he saw his hat smashed and his clothes all torn he felt terribly. After prayer again we let him out a back way and he went home. The Spirit was doing so great a work that I firmly believe the devil entered into that man to make him break up the meeting. It was not religious excitement for it was only the second meeting he had attended and the morning meeting was comparatively quiet. This meeting too had not fairly begun. It was not the act of a rank heathen. He has been going to a country church 7 weeks. When I was in Seminary I used to put down present day devil possession as merely insanity or nervousness or a result of an injudicious lack of discipline in childhood. Last summer reading Dr. Nevius' book I was not convinced, but I am now. As sure as I believe there is a Holy Spirit who can "convince men of sin and righteousness and judgment" I am convinced that the devil can work now in opposition to Him exactly as he did 1900 years ago. Scores of other manifestations were seen every day but this was the only one as opposed to the Spirit.

Some one asked me the other day after all what was the result of it all. I simply answered that the Koreans were showing by *paying* that it was not all tears or talk. Again and again I've been humiliated to the dust by my best Korean friends coming and begging my forgiveness for wrong thoughts towards me, for not helping in church work, and for things they had done or said that they felt hurt me. In the midst of the class we asked for a thank offering to God of preaching day pledges—the people pledging to leave their business and go for a number of days one, two, a dozen or more to heathen villages to preach Christ at their own charge absolutely. They have taken such offerings in the north before but never before in Seoul. Though a month

ago in a country church Mr. Welbon had 200 days' work pledged for this coming year, in addition to that 2020 more days were pledged by 117 men making an average of about 17 days per man. This was distinctly to be over and above work on Sundays as we all considered that Sundays already belonged to the Lord. It means practically that seven unpaid preachers will be out every week day this next year in heathen villages "speaking a gude word for Jesus Christ."

In none of our country churches except the one Mr. Welbon visited has the pledge yet been asked. We're going out after them now. Near Seoul in one of our country groups the church people as a body have taken up connection more or less with a ferry association and it has been a cause of anxiety to some of us. Some of my members in the city have been more or less involved. It is worth 20 yen per month to them with little work to do yet since the Spirit got hold of them they want to sever their connection with it believing that a mercantile enterprise so involved is apt to hurt Christ's church.

A servant whom Mr. Miller had a year ago and dismissed came to pay back Y 1.20 (60 cents) which he stole while in Mr. Miller's household. A woman, former assistant to Dr. Field in her dispensary 6 or 7 years ago, confessed to having stolen enough from the dispensary receipts to buy herself a silver hair ornament which she coveted, and she brought the identical pin back and returned it. Dr. Avison's leading assistant confessed the same and is arranging to pay up. One helper says he eked out his scanty salary by going out of his way to discharge little errands for pay for people he knew and he promised to return the money for he had used the Lord's time to get it and he felt it was stealing from his Lord. One man put on the collection plate a watch which he said was bought with sinful profits. And so we might go on.

What of it all? Just this. The Spirit has come to Seoul and please God He has come to stay. Shame on us if we dare to doubt it! He has stirred Korea these last two months wherever He has manifested Himself as war and commerce and education and all other agencies combined have not stirred it for centuries. And why not? Is He not God, God manifest? Is this not His dispensation?

All over the city it kept breaking out spontaneously. Miss Barrett went into the girl's school late one night to give a sick girl some medicine. She heard a sound of crying in the rooms and went in and found the girls praying in their rooms. She assembled them in one room and at once a wonderful prayer meeting with confessions of sin began. Some of them are as proud as any one but they were down low that night before God. The next day they were all out confessing sin and begging those in the neighborhood to forgive them for things they had done. One girl took back to Mrs. Reynolds a little bit of soiled hair ribbon she had stolen. Another took a hair pin back to Miss Barrett, another some chestnuts. Little things, we say, and yet to those girls they meant as real a sin as many dollars would to us.

Sunday afternoon we had an additional testimony that it was really the Spirit's work for in the church we saw what I honestly believe was an unquestionable case of devil possession exactly like those Jesus healed. The meeting had barely begun when a man in the back of the room began to strike his open Bible with his hand in a strange way. Kil spoke to him and he subsided, but in a moment he was at it again, his right hand flying up and down beating a tattoo on his Bible so fast you could hardly follow it with the eye. Those near him tried to stop him but he struck at them viciously. Mr. Miller was near him in the back of the church so he went to him to get him out but the man struck at him several times too, and leaping up he began swinging round and round yelling "It's good! It's good! It's good!" I went back to the man also, starting a hymn as I went. The man immediately quieted, possibly because of the effect of the hymn, and went with us to an outside room. When he got there he began to rage like a wild beast. He smashed his own hat and ripped off his coat, tore open his leggings, and then started to demolish the room. He fell on his face on the floor, clawing the floor like a wild beast and tearing at himself. Just then he saw a box in the room shaped somewhat like the ancestral worship boxes for tablets and he prostrated himself before it a number of times. He was diverted by being urged to read a letter he was carrying but kept breaking out into curses. The veins of his neck swelled till it seemed they must burst. Finally I became convinced that it was a devil's mani-

Just a few men sat through those meetings hugging their darling sins and they would not give them up. The others have Pentecost power. They alone are cold and dead. When I see my Koreans now I face them with humility and shame. They are greater than I with my little faith. The other night our text was "If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me" and it came home to me like this: May it not be that I have kept back the Spirit's coming all these last five years? May it not be my very doubt of His coming or some other sin in me that has held back the blessing? I've prayed and prayed, but I never noticed so clearly before that God says He won't listen to my prayer unless first I give up my known sin. Criticizing unkindly a brother missionary, anger, flaring up at every provocation, selfishness—May God forgive us, for only one as great as He can. He has been kinder than we deserve, not because of us but because around us here, among this people whom the world despises as weak, mighty men and women of prayer have cried out with a mighty crying till He came. Thank God, He has come!

Dear friends in the homeland: Cry out with a strong crying till He comes to you too. He wants to come. He came to Wales, and to India and China. He has come to California. Why can't He come to Chicago and New York too. There is only one secret I see in it all "If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me." God help us to search out our known sin, God break our proud hearts till we are willing to confess it not only to Him but to men. God make us REPAY for that is the only kind of repentance that counts.

Yours Sincerely,
CHAS. A. CLARK.

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It was a matter of regret to all, both foreign and native, that the Pyeng Yang Union College and Academy was not in session at the time of the gracious visitation described by Mr. Lee in a former circular. Several of the resident students, however, were led through a very wonderful experience. Terrible agony for sin, lasting often for several days, was followed by a sense of pardon, peace, and then a great influx of joy, followed by a baptism of power in intercessory prayer. Upon one, especially, the Spirit descended in great measure, and he seemed an altogether new and glorified creature. Hours went by while he agonized in prayer for others, and he went here and there among his friends and companions, urging them to remember Jesus Christ.

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Several days before the term opened, the principal of the school, who had been obliged to make a trip to Chefoo, returned, and informal prayermeetings, attended by several of the Korean members of the school faculty, which had previously been held in his study, were resumed, and others began to attend. One morning, feeling burdened in prayer, he sought out his fellow worker

in the school, who had been much exercised in prayer, and the two knelt together and prayed for the descent of the Spirit upon the school. It was at that hour that the storm broke in the study. Cries and sobs of anguish filled not only the room, but the whole house. At the end of perhaps half an hour two of the students rushed from the study into the part of the house occupied by the missionary's wife and literally cast themselves upon her, crying out, "Omeni-yu, (Oh, mother,) is there any hope, is there any forgiveness for us?"

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This meeting was a type of the next two that followed, and it was then observed that while most of the Presbyterian students had been reached, the body of Methodist students was still largely untouched. The reason for this was not hard to find. The local Methodist preacher, an unusually able man, had from the first been opposed to union in the school or in any other way, and had used his influence against it. He had longed for a blessing upon his people, and when it fell first upon the Presbyterians, he had been jealous and displeased, although this was not known at the time. But it was feared in several quarters that he was using his influence both in the pulpit and in the classroom, to rather throw discredit upon the movement. Special prayer was therefore made for him by native and foreign members of both denominations. On Friday evening he attended the meeting as a spectator, and that night the break in the Methodist ranks began. One young man after another, members of a band who had agreed together that they would stand out against the prevailing influences, gave up all pretence of resistance and cast themselves upon the Lord for mercy. The "slain of the Lord" were everywhere, and at midnight there were as many as fifty risen to their feet and awaiting their turn to confess their sins.

During the evening many of these young men threw themselves on their knees before the preacher in question, and confessed that they had done wrong in yielding to his influence, that he had led them astray, and kept them from getting a blessing. Conviction seized upon him, and at the close of the meeting, this proud man was weeping in the arms of the missionaries, and sobbing out penitent confessions of coldness, wilfulness and jealousies.

With this surrender the rout was complete and during the two remaining evenings there was little disposition to resist the Holy Spirit. Then the Lord began pouring out His blessing upon the Methodist congregations in the city, and the same wonderful manifestations were seen here that had been exhibited elsewhere.

The night schools in the city, conducted entirely by Koreans, were also greatly shaken, and the spirit of prayer was poured out in great measure upon the girls' primary school, so that little girls spent hours in prayer apparently without any consciousness of the passage of time.

The workings of the Spirit described up to this point, were altogether among church members, but beginning about a week ago evening meetings have been held in all the churches for the unconverted, following house-to-house visitation, which is carried on every afternoon. It is too early now to speak definitely as to results, but it is known that more than twelve hundred in both denominations have expressed a desire to accept Christ as their Saviour.

The noon prayer meetings held by the missionaries, spoken of in the former circular, were several weeks ago changed to half-past four in the afternoon, and are participated in equally by both denominations. I find it difficult to speak of the sacred times that we have here. All denominational lines seem wiped out, and we wonder that we could ever have attached importance to them, or have allowed ourselves to be cramped by them. Faults are freely acknowledged, and as freely forgiven, and all hearts are melted up together in a wonderful solvent of love such as we have never known before.

Time flies at these little meetings, and the one short hour and a half are all too brief in which to commune fully with God. Sometimes this or that dear brother or

sister meets with us for the last time before starting out on an itinerating trip, and we have an opportunity to baptize them with prayer for their work. Then when they return with the glad word of the spreading of the Holy Fire into other regions we joy and rejoice with them over the marvels of God's power.

Sometimes Mr. Murata, the Japanese evangelist, and other Japanese Christians attend and take part, either in broken English, or in pure Japanese, which none of us can understand. And yet, strange to say, interpreted by a common sympathy and faith, we all feel the spirit of what they are saying, and are enabled to join in heartily with them in prayer. Every day our hearts go out to every part of this country, and to every part of the Christian and heathen world.

We find that these meetings are blest just in proportion as we spend the whole time from first to last on our knees in prayer, or preferring requests for prayer or thanksgiving, precluding much conversation and discussion, even upon the progress and incidents of the revival.

That this movement may sweep over the whole peninsula from end to end is our prayer. What it may mean for this country who can say? Little and despised among the nations is Korea, and yet God has begun to do wonderful things in her. Oh, that this whole country, from the remotest mountain hamlet, to the great, wicked city of Seoul itself, may blaze up for God! Pray for Korea, brethren, all whose eyes may meet these lines, that God may not rest until He has established Himself throughout the length and breadth of this kingdom.

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The battle was on between our God and His rememberancers on the one side, and all the hosts of Satan on the other. The students who had already received blessing, spent hours of every day in prayer, and some passed whole nights on their faces before God. At the meeting of the second evening, before ever the leader took his place, the tide of prayer began rising, and although three young men arose one after another, and attempted to lead in prayer, their voices were not heard in the tumult of intercessory supplication that broke out. As prayer continued the building began to resound with groans and cries. Many fell forward on their faces, and wallowed on the floor. When something like a semblance of order could be restored, an opportunity was given to all who had any illfeeling toward anyone present, or who had wronged any of the others in any way, to make confession and ask forgiveness. In a very few moments the meeting was resolved into numberless groups of students, weeping in each other's arms. Nor did the members of the faculty escape, and it was interesting to see them, with perhaps two or three boys weeping at their knees, and others hanging about their

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This was the beginning of two very dreadful and yet very wonderful weeks. For the first five or six days while the students were coming in for preliminary examinations, etc., meetings were held every afternoon at four o'clock. No attempt was made to lead these meetings. Indeed, any leadership would have been impossible. All were prostrate on their faces, and all alike, with the exception of the few who had already received a blessing, were in an agony of repentance. Sometimes they beat their foreheads and hands against the floor, sometimes they literally writhed in anguish, roaring as if the very devils were tearing them and then at last, when there seemed no more power of resistance left, they would spring to their feet and with terrible sobs and crying, pour out their confessions of sin. And such confessions! It was like hell uncovered. Everything from murder, adultery, and the most inconceivable abominations of uncleanness, through arson, drunkenness, robbery, thieving, lying, down to hatreds, spites and envyings, was emptied out, and with what shame and loathing! No human power could have dragged these confessions to light, and many of the Koreans themselves were horror-struck at what they heard.

At the beginning of the school term, it was decided to lay the usual curriculum aside and devote the first

week to Bible study and prayer, reserving the evenings for devotional services with the whole school. The meeting of the first evening was a grateful change from the heartrending scenes which we had been witnessing. One after another of the young men who up to this time had been agonizing for sin, sprang to his feet, and in ringing tones, testified to the sense of pardon, peace and joy into which he had been led. It was evident, however, that these glowing ones constituted only a small proportion of the three hundred young men and boys who were present. While on the one hand, some were flaming up for God, on the other hand, very many sat cold and lumpish as ice.

The battle was on between our God and His rememberancers on the one side, and all the hosts of Satan on the other. The students who had already received blessing, spent hours of every day in prayer, and some passed whole nights on their faces before God. At the meeting of the second evening, before ever the leader took his place, the tide of prayer began rising, and although three young men arose one after another, and attempted to lead in prayer, their voices were not heard in the tumult of intercessory supplication that broke out. As prayer continued the building began to resound with groans and cries. Many fell forward on their faces, and wallowed on the floor. When something like a semblance of order could be restored, an opportunity was given to all who had any illfeeling toward anyone present, or who had wronged any of the others in any way, to make confession and ask forgiveness. In a very few moments the meeting was resolved into numberless groups of students, weeping in each other's arms. Nor did the members of the faculty escape, and it was interesting to see them, with perhaps two or three boys weeping at their knees, and others hanging about their

sister meets with us for the last time before starting out on an itinerating trip, and we have an opportunity to baptize them with prayer for their work. Then when they return with the glad word of the spreading of the Holy Fire into other regions we joy and rejoice with them over the marvels of God's power.

Sometimes Mr. Murata, the Japanese evangelist, and other Japanese Christians attend and take part, either in broken English, or in pure Japanese, which none of us can understand. And yet, strange to say, interpreted by a common sympathy and faith, we all feel the spirit of what they are saying, and are enabled to join in heartily with them in prayer. Every day our hearts go out to every part of this country, and to every part of the Christian and heathen world.

We find that these meetings are blest just in proportion as we spend the whole time from first to last on our knees in prayer, or preferring requests for prayer or thanksgiving, precluding much conversation and discussion, even upon the progress and incidents of the revival.

That this movement may sweep over the whole peninsula from end to end is our prayer. What it may mean for this country who can say? Little and despised among the nations is Korea, and yet God has begun to do wonderful things in her. Oh, that this whole country, from the remotest mountain hamlet, to the great, wicked city of Seoul itself, may blaze up for God! Pray for Korea, brethren, all whose eyes may meet these lines, that God may not rest until He has established Himself throughout the length and breadth of this kingdom.

MRS. W. M. BAIRD.

With this surrender the rout was complete and during the two remaining evenings there was little disposition to resist the Holy Spirit. Then the Lord began pouring out His blessing upon the Methodist congregations in the city, and the same wonderful manifestations were seen here that had been exhibited elsewhere.

The night schools in the city, conducted entirely by Koreans, were also greatly shaken, and the spirit of prayer was poured out in great measure upon the girls' primary school, so that little girls spent hours in prayer apparently without any consciousness of the passage of time.

The workings of the Spirit described up to this point, were altogether among church members, but beginning about a week ago evening meetings have been held in all the churches for the unconverted, following house-to-house visitation, which is carried on every afternoon. It is too early now to speak definitely as to results, but it is known that more than twelve hundred in both denominations have expressed a desire to accept Christ as their Saviour.

The noon prayer meetings held by the missionaries, spoken of in the former circular, were several weeks ago changed to half-past four in the afternoon, and are participated in equally by both denominations. I find it difficult to speak of the sacred times that we have here. All denominational lines seem wiped out, and we wonder that we could ever have attached importance to them, or have allowed ourselves to be cramped by them. Faults are freely acknowledged, and as freely forgiven, and all hearts are melted up together in a wonderful solvent of love such as we have never known before.

Time flies at these little meetings, and the one short hour and a half are all too brief in which to commune fully with God. Sometimes this or that dear brother or

necks. Cribbing in examinations, thieving and every sort of falsifying, spites and grudges were confessed.

This meeting was a type of the next two that followed, and it was then observed that while most of the Presbyterian students had been reached, the body of Methodist students was still largely untouched. The reason for this was not hard to find. The local Methodist preacher, an unusually able man, had from the first been opposed to union in the school or in any other way, and had used his influence against it. He had longed for a blessing upon his people, and when it fell first upon the Presbyterians, he had been jealous and displeased, although this was not known at the time. But it was feared in several quarters that he was using his influence both in the pulpit and in the classroom, to rather throw discredit upon the movement. Special prayer was therefore made for him by native and foreign members of both denominations. On Friday evening he attended the meeting as a spectator, and that night the break in the Methodist ranks began. One young man after another, members of a band who had agreed together that they would stand out against the prevailing influences, gave up all pretence of resistance and cast themselves upon the Lord for mercy. The "slain of the Lord" were everywhere, and at midnight there were as many as fifty risen to their feet and awaiting their turn to confess their sins.

During the evening many of these young men threw themselves on their knees before the preacher in question, and confessed that they had done wrong in yielding to his influence, that he had led them astray, and kept them from getting a blessing. Conviction seized upon him, and at the close of the meeting, this proud man was weeping in the arms of the missionaries, and sobbing out penitent confessions of coldness, wilfulness and jealousies.

C. A. CLARK

"How The Holy Spirit Came to Seoul"

SEOUL, MARCH 1st, 1907.

DEAR FRIEND:—Mr. Graham Lee of Pyeng Yang has just sent home to his friends a little printed letter on "How the Holy Spirit came to Pyeng Yang." I wish he could have held it a little till we could add a chapter telling how the Holy Spirit came to Seoul. With us as with them, it largely began back with Dr. Howard Agnew Johnston's visit last October. We heard of the marvelous work of the Spirit in India and some of us had just come back from China where the Spirit was doing His wonderful work in Wei Hien and in other places. We began to pray with all our might that the Spirit might come to Korea too in greater power than we had yet seen. There have been few special gatherings together for special prayer as there were in Pyeng Yang among the missionaries for we are so widely separated within the city of Seoul that it is extremely difficult to get together even for routine meetings, but in our churches and homes there has been all these months a great crying out that God might open the windows of Heaven as He had promised and pour out the blessing till we could hold no more. Two months ago we sent out our announcement for our Seoul Annual Bible Class for Korean leaders and others and in it the Spirit led the committee to ask that all those in city and country who received the announcement might begin from that day to pray specifically that "during the class the Holy Spirit might come down, as He did at Pentecost." In our little faith we prayed and yet half feared He would not come. In December the Spirit moved our Koreans to send to Pyeng Yang to ask the loan of Kil, the Elder there, to help in the revival we hoped would attend the class. We scarcely had received notice of his promised coming when we began to hear of the Spirit's work in Pyeng Yang. Kil sent and asked us to begin to pray harder. In each of the three churches for nearly every evening for the two weeks preceding Kil's coming meetings were held even though every one was simply overwhelmed

with work preparing for the great Korean New Year's Day. Kil arrived February 16. The next day he preached in the afternoon to a union meeting of all our people and in the evening to the Central church alone. Even that day there was a marvellous feeling in the air, but the next day the Spirit came in all His power and from then on growing from day to day. After the second day it seemed to matter little whether there was any leader or not. The leader scarcely was given an opportunity to speak. The people seemed on fire with a loathing for sin and wild to tell it and get rid of the burden. Old helpers of years standing confessed to hating one another and to all of the vilest sins imaginable. Right before men they had wronged they confessed to theft and promised to make restitution. Every day we saw them with tears confessing one to the other and begging forgiveness. Sometimes it was most heartrending. Men would confess part of their sin and the very vision of the vileness of it all would seem to get hold of them and they would fall on their faces before God fairly writhing in agony. As in Pyeng Yang and in India prayer aloud went on all the time all over the church 300 to 500 people praying aloud all at once, but there was no confusion. No one seemed to hear his brother's sin. He was too busy with his own pleading with Almighty God for his own. Two or three would be on their feet at once shaking from head to foot in agony as only a repentant sinner can before an angry God. Even the missionaries in charge saw as never before in their lives all the meanness and pettiness in themselves and could not sit quiet. It was all so marvellous, so indescribable. Nothing quite seems to describe it all as well as those words in Genesis "The Spirit of God was brooding over the face of the abyss." Brooding He was in all His marvellous power. Back and forth over the church would go the sound of weeping and praying dying down and then rising as some poor soul confessed to his God. Sometimes the leader went to those who seemed to feel the worst to comfort them. From time to time a hymn was started, but the instant it was over a dozen were on their feet begging to be allowed to speak. From 6:30 every night till after 10 it went on and could the people here had their way it seemed as though they never wanted to stop.

All over the city it kept breaking out spontaneously. Miss Barrett went into the girl's school late one night to give a sick girl some medicine. She heard a sound of crying in the rooms and went in and found the girls praying in their rooms. She assembled them in one room and at once a wonderful prayer meeting with confessions of sin began. Some of them are as proud as any one but they were down low that night before God. The next day they were all out confessing sin and begging those in the neighborhood to forgive them for things they had done. One girl took back to Mrs. Reynolds a little bit of soiled hair ribbon she had stolen. Another took a hair pin back to Miss Barrett, another some chestnuts. Little things, we say, and yet to those girls they meant as real a sin as many dollars would to us.

Sunday afternoon we had an additional testimony that it was really the Spirit's work for in the church we saw what I honestly believe was an unquestionable case of devil possession exactly like those Jesus healed. The meeting had barely begun when a man in the back of the room began to strike his open Bible with his hand in a strange way. Kil spoke to him and he subsided, but in a moment he was at it again, his right hand flying up and down beating a tattoo on his Bible so fast you could hardly follow it with the eye. Those near him tried to stop him but he struck at them viciously. Mr. Miller was near him in the back of the church so he went to him to get him out but the man struck at him several times too, and leaping up he began swinging round and round yelling "It's good! It's good! It's good!" I went back to the man also, starting a hymn as I went. The man immediately quieted, possibly because of the effect of the hymn, and went with us to an outside room. When he got there he began to rage like a wild beast. He smashed his own hat and ripped off his coat, tore open his leg-gings, and then started to demolish the room. He fell on his face on the floor, clawing the floor like a wild beast and tearing at himself. Just then he saw a box in the room shaped somewhat like the ancestral worship boxes for tablets and he prostrated himself before it a number of times. He was diverted by being urged to read a letter he was carrying but kept breaking out into curses. The veins of his neck swelled till it seemed they must burst. Finally I became convinced that it was a devil's mani-

festation. So I went to him, took firm hold of his shaking hands, and ordered him in Jesus name to be still. Then I prayed and almost at once he became quiet. I ordered him to lie down and sleep. He resisted but I prayed again and he subsided. After lying quietly about 10 minutes while we prayed beside him he seemed to suddenly wake up and I will testify he was as sane as any Korean I know. He gave us his name. Said he had been believing 7 weeks. He did not have a very clear idea of what he had done but when he saw his hat smashed and his clothes all torn he felt terribly. After prayer again we let him out a back way and he went home. The Spirit was doing so great a work that I firmly believe the devil entered into that man to make him break up the meeting. It was not religious excitement for it was only the second meeting he had attended and the morning meeting was comparatively quiet. This meeting too had not fairly begun. It was not the act of a rank heathen. He has been going to a country church 7 weeks. When I was in Seminary I used to put down present day devil possession as merely insanity or nervousness or a result of an injudicious lack of discipline in childhood. Last summer reading Dr. Nevius' book I was not convinced, but I am now. As sure as I believe there is a Holy Spirit who can "convinee men of sin and righteousness and judgment" I am convinced that the devil can work now in opposition to Him exactly as he did 1900 years ago. Scores of other manifestations were seen every day but this was the only one as opposed to the Spirit.

Some one asked me the other day after all what was the result of it all. I simply answered that the Koreans were showing by *paying* that it was not all tears or talk. Again and again I've been humiliated to the dust by my best Korean friends coming and begging my forgiveness for wrong thoughts towards me, for not helping in church work, and for things they had done or said that they felt hurt me. In the midst of the class we asked for a thank offering to God of preaching day pledges—the people pledging to leave their business and go for a number of days one, two, a dozen or more to heathen villages to preach Christ at their own charge absolutely. They have taken such offerings in the north before but never before in Seoul. Though a month

ago in a country church Mr. Welbon had 200 days' work pledged for this coming year, in addition to that 2020 more days were pledged by 117 men making an average of about 17 days per man. This was distinctly to be over and above work on Sundays as we all considered that Sundays already belonged to the Lord. It means practically that seven unpaid preachers will be out every week day this next year in heathen villages "speaking a gude word for Jesus Christ."

In none of our country churches except the one Mr. Welbon visited has the pledge yet been asked. We're going out after them now. Near Seoul in one of our country groups the church people as a body have taken up connection more or less with a ferry association and it has been a cause of anxiety to some of us. Some of my members in the city have been more or less involved. It is worth 20 yen per month to them with little work to do yet since the Spirit got hold of them they want to sever their connection with it believing that a mercantile enterprise so involved is apt to hurt Christ's church.

A servant whom Mr. Miller had a year ago and dismissed came to pay back Y 1.20 (60 cents) which he stole while in Mr. Miller's household. A woman, former assistant to Dr. Field in her dispensary 6 or 7 years ago, confessed to having stolen enough from the dispensary receipts to buy herself a silver hair ornament which she coveted, and she brought the identical pin back and returned it. Dr. Avison's leading assistant confessed the same and is arranging to pay up. One helper says he eked out his scanty salary by going out of his way to discharge little errands for pay for people he knew and he promised to return the money for he had used the Lord's time to get it and he felt it was stealing from his Lord. One man put on the collection plate a watch which he said was bought with sinful profits. And so we might go on.

What of it all? Just this. The Spirit has come to Seoul and please God! He has come to stay. Shame on us if we dare to doubt it! He has stirred Korea these last two months wherever He has manifested Himself as war and commerce and education and all other agencies combined have not stirred it for centuries. And why not? Is He not God, God manifest? Is this not His dispensation?

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Just a few men sat through those meetings hugging their darling sins and they would not give them up. The others have Pentecost power. They alone are cold and dead. When I see my Koreans now I face them with humility and shame. They are greater than I with my little faith. The other night our text was "If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me" and it came home to me like this: May it not be that I have kept back the Spirit's coming all these last five years? May it not be my very doubt of His coming or some other sin in me that has held back the blessing? I've prayed and prayed, but I never noticed so clearly before that God says He won't listen to my prayer unless first I give up my known sin. Criticizing unkindly a brother missionary, anger, flaring up at every provocation, selfishness—May God forgive us, for only one as great as He can. He has been kinder than we deserve, not because of us but because around us here, among this people whom the world despises as weak, mighty men and women of prayer have cried out with a mighty crying till He came. Thank God, He has come!

Dear friends in the homeland: Cry out with a strong crying till He comes to you too. He wants to come. He came to Wales, and to India and China. He has come to California. Why can't He come to Chicago and New York too. There is only one secret I see in it all "If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me." God help us to search out our known sin, God break our proud hearts till we are willing to confess it not only to Him but to men. God make us REPAY for that is the only kind of repentance that counts.

Yours Sincerely,
CHAS. A. CLARK.

